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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Bread upon the Waters.—A Charity Girl in After Years Supports her Benefactor—A Sad Story, etc., etc.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

One of those little episodes of life which illustrate the generous returns of benevolence that sometimes come back to us after long years, like "bread upon the water," has found its way to the point of my pen, and I give it for the sake of the beautiful moral that is so seldom developed in similar cases; for these visible returns upon charity are, like angels' visits, "few and far between."

Away back in the years that are gone, a rich merchant of our city returning to his home one cold, dreary, November evening, found a poor barefooted child of poverty upon his door-step, shivering and in tears from the most visible evidences of suffering and want. The impulse of many would have been to have driven her away, but his glance at her face struck pity to his heart, and he took her into his house, warmed her by the fire, fed her at his table and clothed her in the warm, cast-off garments of his own little girl. He listened to her artless and unadorned tale of sorrow, believed it, and with a basket of food and an old though comfortable blanket, sent her home, telling her to come to his house whenever they needed food, clothing or fuel.

It seems that the poor family struggled on as best they could, and whenever poverty pinched too bitterly the little girl came to the merchant's house for the proffered charity, until her little face became quite familiar. One day she came in great sorrow and bitter weeping. Her mother was dead, and she had no one to turn to in the bereavement of her little heart but our kind merchant. He buried the poor, dead woman and took the little girl to his home until he could, from the dying directions of the mother, write to her relations, for, as the story goes, the mother had married against the will of her parents, and had been disinherited. During her life, she had preferred to remain in poverty and obscurity rather than appeal to her unnatural parents, but at her death pride was swallowed up in anxiety for her helpless child. The relations came and took the child away, and then her whereabouts were lost to the merchant.

Years rolled by, and misfortune overtook our man of generous heart. Death of his family and bankruptcy of his fortune left him a wreck on the shore of impetuosity. Many were the ways he strove to rise again, but each time he only fell back lower, until a trembling, grey-haired old man, he silently pleaded with passers-by for his daily bread at a street stand until one day a runaway team overturned his apples and cakes, and injured him so severely that he was taken to the hospital, and a paragraph of the accident appeared in the papers, with his name and a sketch of his life and failure.

This paragraph caught the eye of a wealthy lady living in a neighboring city, and hastening to New York and to the hospital, she stood by the bed of the poor old man, and in her fine, generous face and adornments of wealth he could not recognize the little girl he once befriended. But such was she. She had been raised by wealthy relations, had married in prominence and lived in luxury. She had never forgotten her first benefactor, but had lost all traces of him until, to her surprise, she saw the paragraph in the papers. And now the bread cast upon the waters had been found, after many days, gloriously multiplied, like the Saviour's loaves; and taken to the generous home of the noble woman, he is passing his last days in peace and happiness, loved and honored as her own father, and the children even call him grandpa.

A SAD STORY.

Strolling down on the Battery a few days ago—and here let me preface this incident by stating that since the commendable improvements of the Park Commissioners, the Battery again smiles in beauty and invites the lover of fresh sea breezes to a stroll over its fine walks, and grassy plots, under its shady trees, and around its splendid sea girt wall. Such a stroll I was taking near old Castle Garden, when one of the policemen, knowing my connection with the press, said to me, "Come and I'll show you a subject for a newspaper paragraph," and following him he led the way into Castle Garden and showed me an old man and woman apparently near their three score and ten, and this is the story that makes up the last chapter in their old weather beaten lives.

They are Swis, and passed the limits of their humble lives in the mountain fastnesses of the land of Tell, and amid its green valleys tended their little flocks, and in their little cot of moss covered stone, one child blessed their lives and grew up to manhood to lift the burthen of toil from their shoulders. They were happy with only the care that "a few paternal acres bound." The same little chapel, in which they stood and plighted their faith in the morning of life, still reared its modest spire beneath the grandeur of Switzerland's mountains, its sweet toned bell still called them to the simple worship over green heather and through worn paths in the rock that their parents before them had trod, and the routine of their humble peasant lives were smoothly on. And then tears of sorrow came through smiles of hope, like April showers

through the sunshine of Spring. Their son was coming to America to gain wealth and a home in the land of promise, and then was going to send for his old parents to give ease to their declining years.

They parted, and for years the old folks struggled on alone, and the loneliness only seemed lifted from the hearth when the regular letter came from the son informing them in glowing words how well he was succeeding and giving proof in the remittance it contained.

Then came the long-looked for letter telling them to come on and he would meet them in New York, and together they would go to their future home in the West. The little possession in fatherland was sold and the sacred things—"the household gods"—were packed in the old family chests, and bidding farewell to the only scenes they had ever known, the two old people with their hearts all ad flutter with hope and expectation embarked for New York, and landed, the day before I saw them.

Kind reader, have you ever experienced all that warm glow of excitement and expectation at the meeting of some loved one after long absence, and all the sweet charms of peace and rest that hope breathes from repose. Then your's will be heartfelt sympathy.

When the great steamship reached her dock, and relations and friends were greeting each other, the old father and mother strained their eyes over the crowd but no familiar face met theirs, the greetings were for others not for them. Shall I tell? The son was dead. He had come to New York bringing all his money with him, was taken sick in some unprincipled boarding-house and died, and no one claimed to know where the money went, but in a pauper grave the only son was laid and that was all.

The old couple sat upon one of their chests with their arms locked about each other, and only moaned low in their heart-broken anguish. Oh, pitiful was the scene. No consolation could give relief. It would have been a blessing could death have come to them and kissed away their agony with their lives; but out of their little means they will go back to their old and desolate home, childless, helpless and heart-broken, and wander about its old scenes in a dreamy kind of way, and then relief will come to them, and in the little church-yard by the mountain side the villagers will point to the rude stone that rises above them, and tell their children the same sad story I've told you.

A Touching Story.

A touching and beautiful story is told of America's great tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and related by Stuart Robson, in his lecture on that eminent personage. The lecturer says that a few summers ago he had occasion to enter a street-car in Philadelphia, which, among other passengers, held an elderly, early-looking gentleman, whose head rested on a stout stick, and a young and pretty lady who was accompanied by a little four-year-old girl who was skipping playfully about the car. The little girl looked so bright, and lively, and pretty, as she held in her hand a bunch of loosely arranged flowers, that the eyes of every passenger followed her, as she gambled from one end of the car to the other, with the single exception of the early-looking gentleman, whose head still rested on the stout stick. All at once the little creature stopped, looked timidly towards him, then—as if half afraid of the liberty she was taking—picked a rosebud from the flower bunch, and trotting to his side, with some difficulty placed it in an uninviting buttonhole of the coat worn by the early-looking gentleman, whose head still rested on the stout stick. The movement roused him, when he lifted his head, took in the situation at a glance, bent his eyes on the little darling, and ran laughingly back to her mother, and—never thanked her! Said Mr. Robson, in telling the story, "To some, the man's conduct may have appeared heartless and unfeeling; but I watched him closely, and though he scarcely changed his position, his eyes never left her until, the car stopping a few paces off, he alighted, and, as he did so, I discovered that they were filled with tears. The car moved on, but until it was lost to view he stood looking towards us. This man was America's greatest tragedian, Edwin Forrest, and we may rest assured that the unpremeditated act of this pretty little child affected him more than any of the great honors which have been showered on this lonely, childless gentleman."

MEN OF BRAINS.—Wendell Phillips says: "The biggest brains don't go to Congress. The biggest brains in the country control the industrial enterprises, the railroad and the iron business and the cotton business; it takes a Napoleon to grasp it in his hand. These are the great men, these are the big brains—the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, and the Scotts; while in the second line of intellect come the editors, professional men, of vast strength, and then out of the third average come the Congressmen. And out of 300 of them you get, perhaps, 10 marked men, but the average are only third rate men."

A Connecticut paper says: "At present two thirds of the population of Poughkeepsie pass Sunday fishing for muskrats with snot-guns. This is the way the other third know when Sunday comes."

What Killed the Eagle.

At some distance off, says Porte Crayon, in one of his letters, perched upon a dead tree which commanded a view of the proprietor's meadows and stack-yards, we observed a bald eagle sitting like a statue of Liberty, his golden head shining in the sun. It was proposed that Adam should try the range of his long rifle upon him, which he prepared to do; but ere a bead could be drawn, the eagle swept from his perch and sailed grandly over the meadows, and then poising himself, made a swoop at something near the stack-yard.

"There goes a good hen, the thiev' devil!" spitefully letting fly a wild shot at the rising robber.

The eagle evidently had something in his claws as he rose; and, strangely enough, after the shot, instead of sailing off to some comfortable mountain-top to enjoy his dinner, he continued to rise perpendicularly, wheeling in rapid circles upward and upward until he was lost to view.

Old Adam chuckled as he observed, "I think that chance shot spoiled his fun for him, I do." And so we all strained our eyes into the blue firmament, endeavoring to see the eagle, instinctively the while riding towards the stack yard. But it is useless; he's gone, and the shot only frightened or crippled him. Then we were astonished at hearing a rushing sound through the air, which rapidly neared us, and the eagle came down like a falling star, striking the earth a hundred yards ahead, and about the same distance from the spot where he struck his quarry.

We dismounted and rushed forward to verify the marvelous shot, but found another explanation still more curious. The eagle was stone-dead, without the mark of a bullet about him; but under his thigh was a hole eaten into his very heart. A few yards off a weasel, torn and bloody, but still alive, trailed its way through the grass with a broken back.

"A quarrel among thieves," said old Adam, "and the chickens will get their due now."

But some of us, not so materialistic in our views, pitied the weasel, and regretted that, after his sublime ascent and heroic defence of his life, he had not escaped safe and sound.

MR. PITT IN A FROLIC.—Great men need to unbend and have a good frolic; as well as other people. The younger Wm. Pitt was noted for dignity of person and for power of overbearing associates. But he could play as well as rule. One day he was in a high frolic with Lady Hester Stanhope, James Stanhope, and William Napier. They were struggling to hold him down and blacken his face with a burnt cork, when a servant announced Lord Castlereagh and Liverpool, two of his associates in the Cabinet, had called on business. He said coolly, "Let them wait in the outer room," and went on with the sport. But finding himself overmatched, he said: "Stop, this won't do; I could easily beat you all, but we mustn't keep these grandees waiting any longer." His associates washed his face, hid the basin behind the sofa, and the grandees were ushered in. The manner of Mr. Pitt suddenly changed. His tall, ungainly, bony figure seemed to grow up to the ceiling—his head thrown back, his eyes fixed immovably in one position, as if gazing into the heavens, and totally regardless of the two bending figures before him. He was cold and haughty; they, humble and suppliant. In a few minutes, Mr. Pitt bowed them out, and then, turning round with a hearty laugh, caught up a cushion and commenced the battle again.

PROF. MORSE'S WILL.—The will of the late Prof. Morse provides for the payment of the following bequests and legacies out of the residuary fund: Home of the Friendless, Poughkeepsie, \$3,000; Nassau Hall, Princeton, to found two scholarships, to be named Finley and Breese respectively, \$2,000; Union Theological Seminary, Hampden Sydney, Va., \$1,000; Old Ladies Home, Poughkeepsie, \$1,000; National Academy of Design, New York, "for procuring a suitable medal for the encouragement of art," \$1,000; American Geographical Society, a medal for the encouragement of geographical research, \$1,000; New York City University Scholarship Medal, \$1,000. The cross of the Knight Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog, conferred on him by the King of Denmark, is to be returned to the Chancellor of the Order at Copenhagen.

FOOD MEDICINE.—Dr. Hall advances a theory that food can be used as a curative remedy equally well with medicine. He relates a case where a man was cured of biliousness by going without his supper, and free use of lemonade. This patient rose, he says, after he began the use of this drink, refreshed, and with a feeling as though his blood had literally been cleansed. He further says that he cures cases of spitting blood by using salt; epilepsy and yellow fever by watermelons; kidney affections by celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; croup, pneumonia, and cranberries applied to the part affected; by diphtheria, onions. If this theory is correct, drugs would soon become "drugs" in the market, and people would soon learn that the way to keep well was to eat certain kinds of food. The world would thus become healthier and happier.

Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis died in St Joseph, Mo., of softening of the brain

Small-pox on the Ocean.

With the bark Athena, which arrived from Bremen, comes a terrible tale of woe. To the dangers and perils of the seas were added the manifold terrors of the malignant small-pox, scarlet fever, and measles, which caused the death of several of the crew and many of the passengers. The vessel had been but two days out of Bremen when one of the seamen was taken ill, and in a short time his disease had so far developed that his shipmates were made aware that he was suffering from small-pox. Huddled together on the ship were 474 passengers, emigrants to this country. Precautions were at once taken to prevent the spread of the disease, but others of the crew were already infected, and forced to succumb. Among the passengers were many women and children. Soon deaths began to be frequent. The sailor who was first taken ill, died, and was sewed up in a canvas and cast overboard. Already had the small-pox communicated itself to the passengers. Strong men awoke in the morning unable to leave their berths, and the tell-tale red blotches that soon made their appearance told all too plainly why they were weak. Rapidly the disease was inoculated into the system of fellow passengers, and each succeeding day brought fresh cases.

As the bark was a sailing vessel the provisions of the law did not demand that its complement of officers should include a physician. Captain Christopher, who commanded, although an able sailor, was better versed in navigation than medicine. The only antidotes obtainable were those which were in the medicine chest. These were distributed as was thought best, and every effort was made to prevent the general spread of the disease. Hardly had the officers begun to hope for success when new horrors were added to the measure that seemed already to be overflowing. Scarlet fever and measles began to appear among the children. Mothers were prostrated with the small-pox, and the little ones in many instances suffered for the care that might have saved their lives. Many of them were mere infants, and their little frames withstood the ravages of disease but a day or two at most. Thus whole families perished, and one after the other were sunk into the sea. The log of the ship tells a mournful tale of mortality. Twenty children, a number of them babes, who fell sick in their mother's arms, died before reaching Sandy Hook. The majority fell victims to measles, but scarlet fever and small-pox also did their work. Five adult passengers and one seaman died of small-pox, and one seaman of scarlet fever, during the voyage—twenty-seven deaths in all. No sooner had the Athena dropped her anchor than she was quarantined, and ordered fumigated and cleaned. Those who were still suffering with the disease were removed to the hospital.

Although the emigrant officers were inclined to lay the blame to inferior food, the captain avers that the provisions were both good and abundant, and seems to think that the disease was fostered by the dirty habits of the emigrants, who were chiefly Poles. Nothing, he declares, short of physical violence could induce them to wash. On their arrival, they were told if they did not wash they would be sent to prison. Men and women then washed on the deck, and did so with great earnestness.

POPULAR ORATORS.—Who are the speakers that move the crowd—men after the pattern of Whitefield, what are they? They are almost always men of very large physical development, men of very strong digestive powers, and whose lungs have great aerating capacity. They are men who, while they have sufficient thought-power to create all the material needed, have preeminently the exclusive power by which they can thrust their materials out at men. They are catapaults, and men go down before them. Of course you will find men now and then, thin and shrill voiced, who are popular speakers. Sometimes men are organized with a compact nervous temperament and are slender-framed, while they have a certain concentrated earnestness, and in narrow lines, they move with great intensity. John Randolph was such a man.—Henry W. Beecher.

AN ARMY STORY.—The boastful talk about conversions, which we hear on all sides, is well hit off by an army story. Chaplain X, called at Col. Z's headquarters, and turning the conversation on revivals, told what an interest was excited in his own regiment. "What do you mean?" asked Col. Z, puzzled at his language. The chaplain replied that a revival was then going on, and he had baptized thirty-four men in the river that very week. Col. Z, turning to an orderly, "Orderly! Tell Major — to order out one hundred men for instant baptism. If that, Sir," turning to the chaplain, "is to be the test of regimental standing, this regiment shall not be outdone by yours or any other in the service."

AN INTRODUCTION.—There is nothing so affecting in a child as a certain sweet inborn spirit of self-abnegation. Sammy was a little boy, at school in a village far from his home. One day his father came to see him, and they took a walk together. Meeting the principal of the school, Sam, performed the ceremony of introduction. "Mr. S.," said he, "this is a father of mine."

An Irish Lord.

A curious piece of personal history comes to us from England in reference to the ancestry of Col. White, who has just been appointed Lord Lieutenant of County Clare, Ireland. It appears that about the year 1775, his grandfather, Luke White, was peddling old books in the North of Ireland. Having by this means scraped up a little money, he instituted book auctions, and ultimately started a shop in Dawson street, Dublin, near the official residence of the Lord Mayor, where he published books and pamphlets. By selling lottery tickets, and various other devices, he amassed a good deal of money, and, being in a most impetuous country, was able to turn it to excellent account. He advanced on mortgage, foreclosed, and became rich. In 1793, when the rebellion broke out, the Irish Government was in desperate straits for money. It advertised for a loan, and the best terms which could be obtained were Luke White's proposal to take a million of Government bonds at sixty-five, with interest at five per cent. At such rates it does not take long to grow rich. White became a member of Parliament, and had a son also in the House, and expended as much as \$500,000 on elections. At his death he left an immense fortune, which he divided between his sons, but ultimately the whole of it passed to one. He married a clever, ambitious woman, and she "egged him on" in search of a peerage. Nothing "Irish or pinchbeck"—as Lord Wellesley wrote in chagrin to Pitt, when he received his double gilt potato, as he called his Irish Marquisate—would Mrs. White have, but a "peerage of the United Kingdom." So one day her husband became a member of the House of Lords, as Lord Annaly, without even passing through the mid channel of the baronetage.

The Tariff.

The Senate Finance Committee have finished their labors on the Tariff and Tax bill and reported it to the Senate. The bill makes some radical changes, and increases the amount of taxes removed from forty-three millions, as provided in the House bill, to fully fifty millions. This is mainly accomplished by abolishing all stamp duties in schedules B and C, which comprise about all that are left. The other important changes are in tobacco, which is fixed uniform at twenty-four cents, instead of twenty, as the House had it. Whiskey is fixed in a consolidated list of seventy cents, and all licenses and rectifiers' taxes abolished. Tobacco bonded warehouses remain as in the House bill, to wit, abolished. Coal and salt are agreed to as passed by the House. Lumber is charged from ad valorem reduction, as provided by the House, to a specified duty of \$2 on pine. Books are changed from specific duty, as provided by the House, and put under the ten per cent. reduction section, which will make the ad valorem rate twenty-two and a half per cent. The free list provision in regard to books was changed so as to restore the old language except allowing the importation of text books for the use of schools, and to be limited to two copies for each school. Jute was taken out of the free list, as were gunpowder and saltpetre.

FISHING IN JAPAN.—The Japanese have rare sport at certain seasons of the year, catching fish by the bushel, as fast as they can gather them in. In the spring, when the fish are in the rivers and making their way down to the sea, the young men and boys throw into the water the pulverized bark of a certain tree which has much of the spicy qualities of pepper. The poor fish take it in greedily, and then to cool their burning mouths they drink such quantities of water, which is now impregnated with the bark, as to prevent their swimming to purer places in the stream. They drink and drink, making matters worse and worse with every draught, till they die, and are picked up or hauled in by the boys to land. The bark has no injurious qualities, so that the fish thus taken are as nice for the table as if taken with the hook or net. Another way to entrap the unwary tribes is to gather a certain kind of green persimmon, which is the strongest possible astringent, and cast them into the river. The fish swallow them, and are instantly affected as if by paralysis. The fins drop down powerless at their sides, as if they were dead; and then the young Japs wade into the stream and help themselves, either by picking up their floating victims or by nets.

A COUNTERFEITER DROWNED.—G. Tyler, with another notorious counterfeiter of Fort Wayne, was discovered by two United States detectives near Wellsville, Ohio, on the river bank. Tyler drew a revolver and fired a ball through the coat of one of the officers. The officer returned the fire, shooting one man through the hand. Tyler then made for the river, jumped in, and was drowned, leaving on the bank his coat, which contained \$100 counterfeit twenties, legal tenders. The other man fled to the hills.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—During a recent trial at Rockport, Indiana, Judge Laird interrupted the testimony of a lady witness, remarking that it was not relevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look made up of injured innocence, inquired, "Well, sir, am I telling this story, or are you?" The Judge wilted, and allowed her to talk as long as she wanted to.

The Old Home.

Yes, still the same, the same old spot; The years may go, the years may come, Yet through them all there changeth not The old familiar home.

The poplars by the old mill stream A trifle taller may have grown; The ivies round the turret green Perchance more thickly thrown.

Yet still the same green lanes are here That brought their violet accents in spring, And heard I through many a golden year The winsome echoes ring.

Of children in the April morn, Knee deep in yellow cowslip blooms; Of lovers' whispers lightly borne Through sultry twilight glooms.

And out upon the red-brick town, The quaint old houses stand the same; The same old sign swings at the Crown, Abaze in sunset flame.

Yet still 'tis not the same old spot— The old familiar friends are gone. I ask of those who know them not: All strangers every one.

The morning brooks may sing the same; The whitethorns blossom in the May; But each long-loved, remembered name Has passed in turn away.

Farmhouse Notes.

CREAM PIE.—To make cream pie, beat two eggs well, in a coffee cup of sugar and one of thick, sour cream. Stir till thoroughly mixed. Add a teaspoonful of extract of lemon or vanilla. This quantity given will make two pies. Bake with two crusts.

FLOOR CLEANING.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath it is generally very much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid to kill any poisonous germs that may be present, and so thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

DUCKS IN VINEYARDS.—It is mentioned in *The Grape Culturist* that a large vineyardist in Illinois keeps each season not less than 100 ducks constantly among his vines. He says it is wonderful with what diligence they do after all kinds of bugs, thrips, flies, and small snails, and he considers them among the best of insect exterminators. They lay a good many eggs, too, and are not bad to take when roasted.

APPLE JAM.—In making apple jam, the apples should be ripe, and of the best eating sort, and being pared and quartered are put into a pan with just water enough to cover them, and boiled until they can be reduced to a mash. Then for each pound of pared apples, a pound of sifted sugar is added, sprinkled over the boiling mixture. Boil and stir it well until reduced to a jam. Then put it into pots. The above is the most simple way of making it, but to have it of the best possible clearness, make a thick syrup with three pounds of sugar to each pint of water and clarify it with an egg. Then add one pint of this syrup for every three pounds of apples, and boil the jam to a proper thickness.

WAX BEAN.—This snap bean, but recently introduced and not yet generally known, is one of the very best for garden culture. When planted and cared for in the same way, the wax is 10 or 12 days later than the Early Valentine; but in every other respect it is superior to either this or that other excellent variety, the Refugee. The vines grow longer than other kinds of the snap beans, produce more beans of larger size, more brittle, and of better quality. Those who are fond of young snap beans plant seed three or four times during the Spring—say two weeks apart—so as to get a succession for table use. Where it will take four plantings with other kinds, two plantings of the Wax will be found quite enough, because this variety will keep tender just twice as long as the sorts commonly grown for home consumption. The pods of the Wax grow long, thick, tender, and of a waxy yellow color.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.—Carter county, Ky., appears to be rich in natural curiosities. Among them is a natural bridge which is 219 feet in the span, 195 feet high, and 12 feet wide, being arched underneath and level on the top. One hundred feet below it there is a cascade with a fall of 75 feet, and two miles distant there is another with a fall of 200 feet. Near by are two streams known as Big Sinkey and Little Sinkey, which emerge from the ground good-sized streams, and after a course of about two miles suddenly disappear. There is also in the same neighborhood a natural artesian well which formerly threw up a jet about four feet high, of the size of a common barrel; but having been obstructed by stones and trunks of trees thrown into it by persons desirous of finding out its depth, it now only plays to the height of a foot above the level of the pool.

SAD DISASTER.—Buildings belonging to W. G. Johnson, on Fall Creek, near Ithaca, were set on fire by an incendiary. One of the steamers of the city was stationed on the high bridge over Fall Creek, just below the foot of the main fall. When the fire was nearly out, the bridge, without any warning by cracking fell, carrying with it the engine and the people who had gathered there, to the number of about two hundred. The bridge was twenty feet above the water, and the whole of it went down together. Fifteen persons were severely injured, including a number of the students of Cornell University, some so badly that they are not expected to recover.

RAISINS.—The finest raisins are grapes merely dried in the sun. The Muscatel raisins have the stalk of the bunch partly cut through and dried upon the vine, the leaves being removed to allow of full exposure. Commoner kinds are dried upon poles, and afterwards dipped into a lye to which salt and oil are added.

Brevities.

Rye came originally from Siberia. Confidence contributes more to conversation than wit or talent.

In 1702 was built the first Episcopal church in North Carolina.

A man at Council Bluffs, Iowa, got angry at his horse the other day, and literally beat him to death.

In the U. S. Senate, the Ka-Klux, Supplementary Civil Rights, and the Amnesty bills, were passed.

Be thou what thou singularly art, and personate only thyself. Swim smoothly in the stream of thy nature and live but one man.

An inventive Kentucky freedwoman has done away with hen monopolies forever by hatching a brood of live chickens under a stove.

The strawberry season in Southern Illinois has opened finely, and apples, peaches, pears, cherries and grapes never promised better.

In Taftonborough, N. H., there is a cat which appears to be half rabbit. It is destitute of a tail, and its habits are somewhat like those of a rabbit. It is an excellent mouser.

A soldier who stole chickens when at Fort Scott, during the war, has just sent eight dollars "conscience money" to the owner of one of the chicken roosts that had suffered by him.

A Missouri legislator clinched an argument against dogs the other day, by swearing that the money expended in supporting 21,000,000 dogs in the United States would buy 1,344,000,000 whiskey cocktails every year.

A lady belonging in Oxford County, Me., sixty years of age, has been working in one of the mills the past winter to earn money to keep the stock through cold weather. Last Fall the stock could not be sold, and rather than see them starve the energetic lady went to work in the mills, and earned enough to save the stock.

In the Insane Asylum at Stockton, Cal., there is a female patient whose aberration of mind was produced by tight lacing. In mentioning this fact a beauteous California editor gives the philosophy of the cause as follows: All women who lace tightly are insane—the only difference is that one was found out. The others will be in good time."

An Indianapolis man writes to his favorite paper: "Please say to the party that made an attempt to burgle No. 363 North Mississippi street, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock this morning, that if his present infirmity does not interfere with him doing so, to make one more trial at his earliest convenience, and bring his winding sheet and coffin plate with him. I have his burial certificate ready, and signed by Smith & Weston in six volumes. Death to sneak thieves."

Weather Reports.

The great success that has attended the efforts of the United States Signal Bureau, in furnishing the public with accurate summaries of the weather in every section of the country, has encouraged the officers in charge to still further extend the field of their work and usefulness. Hitherto the wants of commerce have been mainly considered, and therefore existing or approaching storms on the lakes or the sea-coast have been noticed or predicted. The marine interests of the country have been greatly benefited; wrecks have been averted, and many human lives saved. It is now felt, however, that the agricultural interest of the whole country should receive its share of the benefits accruing from these accurate weather bulletins, and an appropriation has been asked of Congress to defray the necessary expenses in that direction. It is proposed to establish a series of signal stations in the rural districts in every State throughout the Union, so that the daily report may be more thoroughly circulated among the farmers. This is a step in the right direction; for there can be no doubt that agriculturists would soon learn to rely upon these weather forecasts, and cultivate crops with great advantage and increased profits. Under the new system, the reports may easily be made useful to farmers, for a careful perusal of them would save them labor and enable them to plant more intelligently. Work would not be delayed, and crops need not be reaped when storms are imminent. Plowing and sowing seasons could be calculated, and the results of the year largely increased to individuals and the nation at large.

THE KING OF SMOKERS.—A Dutch gentleman, who enjoyed the sobriquet of King of the Smokers, has lately died at Rotterdam, Holland, in the neighborhood of which city he had erected a mansion in which he had a collection of pipes arranged according to their nationality and chronological order. Mr. Kloe, who had acquired a large fortune in the linen trade, has made a most whimsical will. Ten pounds of tobacco and two Dutch pipes, of the newest fashion, are to be presented to all smokers who attend his funeral. He further desired that his coffin should be lined with the cedar of old Havana cigar boxes, and his favorite pipe be laid by his side, with matches and tinder, as there was no knowing what might happen. It has been calculated that during his life of eighty years he had drunk about five hundred thousand quarts of beer, and smoked more than four tons of tobacco. Brewers and tobacconists should surely raise a monument to such a pearl of patrons, whose career is calculated to throw the anti-stimulant and narcotic school into a paroxysm of despair.

Says the Washington Star: "The latest thing in spring hats for young ladies is to have the rim so bent and crumpled as to be suggestive of a late supper, an over-portion of champagne and a general mousiness. Jaunty, but not judicious."